

portrait, was deafening, and no two people present were prouder than Violet Ryley and I.

Both these fine women have passed from the scene, but the high standards they set for themselves and inspired in others are still evident in all the fields they touched. Leadership of that quality does not die.

During the years I was actively working for the Company I learned how right my husband, and his father before him, had been in their assessment of employees. They used to say that anyone who works for Eaton's is bound to be 100% for Eaton's. It becomes natural and automatic for an Eaton employee to say "we", in speaking of the firm. The person who feels dissatisfied, and does not get this sense of oneness with the Company early, is seldom there for long; he moves off, on his own volition.

Sometimes the question has been asked me, "Is it possible to keep a personal or family influence throughout a business as vast as Eaton's of Canada?" To me this is a matter of great interest, and I have thought about it often. Certainly I realize it is physically impossible for a Director to know every employee by name, yet I feel it should be possible for the employees to know the Director, by face, name and manner!

A few years ago our Stores in Toronto were picketed by some labour union people who were attempting to organize the employees into Local 1000. No sooner had the union representatives' ambitions become known than a group of our employees banded together, without any word to Company management, to form themselves into an organization called "Loyal Eatonians". Through a levy of 10¢ per member they financed a weekly paper in which they forcefully answered the unionists' arguments, and stated in no uncertain manner that they did not want to see Eaton's changed. They wanted *their* Company to be kept a family affair.

During those weeks of union activity and strike talk,

I went down to the College Street Store one morning, arriving before 8.30. It happened to be the day when the "Loyal Eatonian" paper was being handed out at the doors. I walked around the building, spoke to the girls who were on duty, and they were glad to see me. One of the older employees said to me, "You are down very early this morning, Lady Eaton." I replied, "Well, I'm not the only one, as you know." Next I went down to the Main Store and did the same thing there.

Perhaps that was of no weighty significance in strengthening Company-employee relations, yet I felt it was one way of showing my concern during a rather tense situation. If those people who worked all day for us could stand at the Store doors from 7 a.m. until 8.30 to prove their loyalty to the Company, then I felt I could very well get up and go down among them to give them a nod of encouragement. Not a single word about the strike or the union was mentioned during my various conversations. We talked the normal, pleasant small talk of any neighbourly acquaintances meeting in the early morning.

I served as a Director of Eaton's for twenty-one years, and for seven of those I was a Vice-President. My term on the Board spanned the period from the time of my husband's Presidency, through Mr. R. Y. Eaton's and to the beginning of the term of office of my son, John David Eaton. Because of my closeness to Mr. Timothy Eaton during the long-ago days, I feel I can say I have worked with all the Eaton Presidents.

The Board meetings were an important part of my continuing education; I learned much about business, and it is my modest hope that I contributed something occasionally about humanity in general, and the psychology of women in particular. Sometimes, when the talk rose to great heights about millions of dollars, I felt I couldn't follow my fellow-Directors; and whenever I reach a point where my understanding of the issue is not clear I am

sensible enough to refrain from comment. One thing I always knew, though, and that is that there are just 100 cents in a dollar.

Any woman employee of Eaton's who reaches the twenty-five-year service mark is given a diamond ring or a watch, whichever she prefers, by the Company. Alas for me, my job finished just four years short of that goal. But truly, I am not complaining!

CHAPTER X

ONE EVENING in the nineteen-fifties I was chatting with a few members of my family and the subject of child guidance happened to come up. I remarked to my son, "On reviewing our lives since I've been your only parent, I have come to the conclusion that you could have done with less direction."

He said, "Yes, Mother, on due reflection, so must I."

His wife turned to me, murmuring a dissent. "But all your children are so nice."

"Yes," I said, "but I agree with your husband. He and the others could have got along very well with less supervision. Because I had to do the deciding and guiding alone, I overdid it. I wanted my children to be perfect."

In the years following my husband's death it was this concern for the family that took me on many travels and much shuttling back and forth across the Atlantic; it also dictated the acquisition of temporary abodes in Europe. To stay at *Ardwold* was to remind ourselves daily of the loss we had sustained; also I was determined that each of the children would receive the education best suited to his individual needs. The boys must have the guidance and friendship of men, as well.

Walter Wily, Sir John's private secretary and financial adviser for years, was one of my towers of strength in those days. He was a wonderful friend to all of us, and no problem connected with the welfare and future of the children was too great or too small for him. It was Walter who found Davidson Ketchum and brought him into our circle. Mr.

Ketchum was not with us continuously, for he was training for the bigger job which he now occupies as Professor of Psychology at the University of Toronto; but he spent the long vacation with us in Muskoka, tutor and companion of the boys, and at other times joined us on travels in Europe.

Joe McCulley, now the popular Warden of Hart House, was often one of our group, as friend and mentor. We had met him first when he was counselling at Taylor Statton's boys' camp, and my sons had a warm admiration for him after their first season there. I remember in full detail how the boys once urged me to invite Joe "and the gang" down to *Kawandag* for a week-end. I was somewhat surprised when "the gang" turned out to be exactly forty boys! Nevertheless it was a wonderful week-end for all of us; indeed it is one of my happiest memories. Joe McCulley has become one of our dear friends, and several times during the years abroad we were able to persuade him to join us on our educational travels.

The first of our expeditions took place in August of 1922. I wanted my children to see and know their own country, and following Walter Wily's carefully planned itinerary we travelled through the Canadian West, over the prairies, through the mountains, and by steamer up the Coast and into the Yukon. Our party consisted of John David, Edgar and Gilbert, their full-time tutor Mr. Middleton, their French governess, and my devoted English maid, "Sharpie". Timothy had signed on that summer for work with a survey group in Northern Ontario, and Florence Mary, still a toddler, was left at home in capable hands.

Walter had arranged things so that at every point of stop-over or change we would be met by either a bank manager or an Eatonian to give us any help that might be needed. Wherever there was an Eaton store or buying office we broke our journey and met the men in charge.

That trip was one of my better decisions; the boys and

I still love to reminisce about the people and places we discovered. The real thrill came when we boarded the ship at Prince Rupert and headed north through the waters and islands of the north Pacific for Juneau. There we changed to the train that would take us to Whitehorse and Dawson City. The roadbed followed the winding river valleys, but we were so high and the gorges so deep that we felt at times as if we had risen to the eagle's private domain. Nothing I had read or heard had prepared me for the desolation of the first ghost town we encountered. The weather-beaten shacks and shops still stood, some without glass in their windows, and only a very few of them still having signs of present habitation. In one of these almost deserted towns we watched while two men ripped up floor boards in derelict stores and saloons; they were "prospecting" for gold dust which just *might* have dropped from careless fingers or ragged pockets a quarter of a century before when the big Rush was on and "dust" was currency. We visited the Anglican Church where Canon H. J. Cody of St. Paul's, Toronto, had once been curate, and we stopped in at the cabin where Robert Service, the sourdough poet, had lived during the boom days. We saw sweet peas six to eight feet tall with each blossom as large as a pansy and marvellously fragrant; all the familiar flowers of eastern gardens seemed to grow to giant size under the long hours of sunshine in that far-north corner of Canada. Fried moose steak was frequently on our menu at our hotel in Whitehorse, and blueberry pie was the favourite dessert.

The boat trip from Juneau southward to Vancouver opened up a new experience in dramatic beauty for us. The deep bays cutting back into the mountains reminded me of Norwegian fjords, only ours were on a vaster scale. Frequently the Captain would invite the boys and me up to the bridge, and he would tease us into peering ahead and guessing as to which outlet, or between which islands, our course would be; we were never right.

Vancouver was beautiful then, as always. We were guests of our friends, the T. A. Spencers, and of Victor Spencer at Point Grey. I remember Sunday dinner at the latter's home particularly, because my state of nerves during those months caused an embarrassing *faux pas*. My fork slipped and the whole helping of green peas flew in every direction over the dining-room. One of the boys piped up, "Now Mother, that's not done!" Everybody laughed, and Col. Spencer put me at my ease again. He was a very kind host indeed, and the following week he took us on a trip up the Sound and to the logging operations of the Powell River pulp company. It was interesting to see how they attached steel cables to the enormous tree trunks, then waited for the warning whistle as the engine was started, and the tiny cables high above carried the logs to the slide or truck. This was called "aerial lumbering", for the huge trunks were manoeuvred almost entirely through the air. What I didn't like was the way the operation broke down trees in its path, sturdy groves of perhaps twenty years' growth. These were consigned to "slash", and simply left to waste away, or to become tinder for a terrible forest fire in the future. Those were the years before Canadians were fully aroused to the importance of conservation; perhaps it was methods such as I saw that stirred us into action on this matter.

We had lunch in the camp, with Mr. Allan, the Scottish foreman, our genial host. The menu consisted of soup, roast beef, corn, mashed potatoes, bread and butter, two kinds of pie, cheese, tea or coffee. Mr. Allan answered all our questions about a lumberjack's life. He described the big breakfast in the early morning, and said that just as in France a little breakfast was offered at nine o'clock; dinner was at noon; supper at 6 p.m., and anyone still hungry before bedtime could have milk or tea or cocoa with biscuits. He stressed the fact that grapefruit and oranges came out by company boat several times weekly. I gathered that Mr. Allan thought mankind in general was

deteriorating rapidly, for he went on to say, "It used to be prunes, dried apples and molasses. Every man rolled up in his blanket but now, bless ye, we've got sheets and pillow-cases."

On our return trip we stopped over at Lake Louise, where the nice simple wooden chalet commanded the view of lake and glacier. The morning following our arrival we went by horseback to see the caverns beyond the adjacent ice field. It was a sobering feeling to dismount at the end of the trail, look down the vast glassy slope and realize we had to cross it by foot. Only Gilbert was allowed to ride because he was small and light on a horse's back. The guide put him on the lead horse, then walked ahead beside him, calling back encouragement to the rest of us. Some walked, some (those who hated heights) did the stretch on all fours, but eventually all of us made it, and heaved a huge sigh of relief when we were off the ice. The caverns, which were the reason for the outing, have left little impression in my mind for we were electrified when informed that the only route back to the hotel was the way we had made the outbound trip. So around 4 p.m. we turned round, and to add to the general dismay a heavy rain had begun. Within a few minutes we were soaked to the skin, and my feet rested in puddles inside my riding boots. I was most uncomfortable, for I am a side-saddle rider and at Lake Louise there were only western saddles. I had to put my right knee around the pommel most of the time and, except for lunch and the walk across the sheet of ice, I was in the saddle from ten in the morning till after six.

Some years later we did the western trip again as a family group. An immense new hotel competed with Nature's skyline at Lake Louise, but the same glacier lay there in its beautiful design, sparkling in the sun. Vancouver had grown visibly. One afternoon, looking out over the harbour, one of my sons said, "Mother, why don't we have a business in Vancouver?" I replied that already the city had four department stores which seemed enough for

the size of the community, but added, "Why do you ask?" "Because," he said, "this would be a marvellous place to sail." After the Second World War when negotiations for Eaton's purchase of the Spencer business were in the discussion stage, I reminded my son of that far-back conversation. "I am still of the same opinion," he declared.

This year, 1956, my son is making the trip to the Yukon and Alaska on his own yacht, accompanied by his wife and a group of Vancouver friends. Though it is a power boat, not a sailing vessel, his dream seems to have come true. In his love of waterways and marine transport he is exactly like his father, and when I picture my son with his party of guests on the yacht I am also reminded of what a friend of mine wrote of Sir John: "He loves a good boat and a good car, but he would like everyone to own them too. Failing that, he shares his with many."

Eventually my three eldest boys were settled in England to complete their education. Timothy was taking college tutoring and—even more important to him!—was hunting with the West Kent Hounds. John David was at Stowe. Edgar had entered a preparatory school at Winkfield Row, Bracknell.

I had sent them far away in order to give them a chance to grow up without being reminded too often that they would inherit wealth. It had become increasingly evident to me that their father's associates and relatives were of the opinion that Sir John's children should have "everything". A kindly thought, yet hardly conducive to proper training for work, and I knew that in England they would simply be part of the student body, and no one would give a second thought to their background in Canada.

For a time, therefore, I had a divided family: three boys across the ocean, and young Gilbert and Florence Mary with me at *Ardwold*. I was still fighting my nerves, resting every Monday in order to turn out for Directors' meeting on Tuesday, and worrying about my children, each in

turn. The two youngest were delicate and had had several coeliac attacks—although at that time I believe the medical term was "acidosis". The condition was not as well understood then as now, and diet control was less carefully worked out. My children's doctors believed that a warm winter climate would help prevent further attacks, and I was glad to have this advice, for here was my opportunity to take Gilbert and Florence Mary abroad, and settle somewhere in Europe where I would be not more than a day's journey from the boys at school.

I chose Cannes. I found a charming villa for our first year, but as it was a little far from town I moved to the *Villa Alexandra* for the second season. This place had been closed for some time, and I seemed to be the only person who could see any possibilities in it. The house was designed in the Moorish style, built around a paved courtyard with fountain, and it was necessary to cross this open section before one could enter the hall. Here, a caller on his first visit was inevitably startled by the life-size Nubian figures which flanked the staircase and held lamps aloft.

In a colder climate the *Villa Alexandra* would have been impossible, and frequently when the mistral blew for days on end the house was chilly, and weird also. Everything groaned or creaked or squeaked. Some of the Cannes people avowed the house was haunted, and, sure enough, we had been living there only a short time when we discovered the mystery of the bell. When every member of the household was in full view, on the terrace perhaps, the bell would shrill loudly through the house, and when we went inside to investigate, the indicator in the pantry would always be pointed to "9". But we laid that ghost well and truly. The electrician found a loose connection in one of the upstairs halls; it was so sensitive that the slightest movement, even a wind through the curtains, would touch the wires together and ring the service bell.

The *Villa Alexandra's* gardens were a delight. Camellias, mimosa and eucalyptus trees lavished their bloom and

and I were rewarded by the privilege of looking into George V's most kindly eyes and receiving a beautiful smile in return. How Their Majesties managed to retain their gracious composure during an evening of eight hundred presentations was a mystery, but also a lesson for the rest of us. Isobel and I—she was next in line behind me—must have been somewhere near the six-hundredth in the procession of presentees. Yet it was not a long-drawn-out ceremony, for that Court began at 9.30 p.m. and exactly two hours later we were leaving Buckingham Palace.

As the King and Queen left the Throne Room, preceded by the Lord Chamberlain walking backward, all the eight hundred ladies, lined up on both sides of the red carpet, curtsied twice—once to His Majesty, as he passed with his uniformed officers in attendance, and again to the Queen as she and her retinue, including the little pages carrying her train, moved by. The effect of all those slowly dipping figures reminded me of a gentle wind passing over a prairie field of grain, two undulating waves in succession. But the brilliance of the scene was beyond any comparison in my experience: the gowns and robes and jewels, the colours of the full-dress uniforms, the Beefeaters in their scarlet spaced at precise intervals along the walls.

The supper-room continued the impression of glittering splendour, and there Isobel and I resumed the pleasant conversation we had had in the dressing-room earlier with three women from India. Each wore a golden costume with matching sari, and they explained that this was the traditional choice for an event of great formality. They were the only ladies in the presentation line without trains and plumes, and their shimmering gold skirts and draperies, and many gold bracelets, made them quite distinctive among the rest.

As we left the supper-room we encountered Mr. and Mrs. Larkin, just emerging from the reception suite where ambassadors and representatives of the Dominions had gathered for their refreshments. The High Commissioner

and his wife told us that twenty-nine Canadians had been presented that night and "they made us feel proud," they both said.

On our way to the hotel Isobel and I were so happy over our evening at Buckingham Palace that we declared we'd like to go back the next night, to the Court of June 13th, and do it all over again! At any rate, some months later we did have an interesting opportunity to repeat everything we could of our Court experience. My friends of the Eaton's Girls' Club in Toronto asked if they could see the dresses and robes we had worn, and so I immediately came back with the question: would they like us to wear them and do our best curtsies? It was a wonderful evening. Isobel wore her parchment satin gown embroidered in green beads, the emerald green velvet train lined with silver lamé, the complete headdress of coronet and feathers. I turned out in my full regalia: the pink gown shading to deep rose at the hemline, the similarly shaded velvet train heavy with beading, my pink ostrich fan, my diamond tiara and feathers. We gave a little description of the general procedure of the presentation, answered questions, and when coffee was being served the girls swarmed around us to examine our costumes and study their construction.

The people of London loved their sovereigns' Courts and all the excitement along the streets during the presentation season. There was never a sign of envy or protest. They felt England had something no other country could aspire to, and they were proud of the tradition. I too have sometimes thought it is a pity that Courts have been abandoned, and the much less formal outdoor ceremony of garden-party presentations substituted.

It has been my good fortune to be presented to two of our sovereigns and their consorts: King George V and Queen Mary, and in later years to King George VI and Queen Elizabeth. Just before John David's marriage to Miss Signy Stephenson of Winnipeg, I had the joy of pre-

book a date for next year on each anniversary outing; in 1956 their party totalled 700.

When the Second World War was upon us, it seemed as if *Eaton Hall* had been completed just in time to be of some service. Having discussed the various possibilities with my son, I decided I could help by bringing British children to live there with me for the duration. Mrs. Herbert Bruce had formed a small committee, and with Mrs. J. C. Fraser, Mrs. William Grant, Mrs. Robert Fennell and Mrs. MacBrien, I was asked to serve on it. Mrs. Vincent Massey, wife of our High Commissioner in London, worked very closely with us, keeping us informed and doing everything in her power in those first anxious months to facilitate the passage of children to Canada.

I had had a request from friends overseas to take three children—their own, a brother and sister, and a boy from Ireland, one of their distant connections. These three remained under my care for four years. Through the Committee, I received a mother, Cynthia Greville-Collins, and her three children, aged seven, five and nine months. Then, finally, came a Canadian-born mother from England, with her only child.

So, suddenly, my household expanded, and rooms and gardens were full of the laughter and squabbles of youngsters. As no money for support could be sent from Britain, this group of women and children became my responsibility at all times. I sent the older boys to Pickering College, and Primula, the oldest of the girls, was enrolled with an English girls' school that had been transferred in part to Branksome Hall, at the generous invitation of Miss Reade, the Principal there. Everybody in those difficult days was making a special effort to help, with no thought of reward. Miss Reade kept her housekeeping staff on during the summer vacation so that, on arrival in Toronto, children could be taken there and remain until they had been medically examined, before being sent on to the homes provided for

them. Doctors at the Hospital for Sick Children, themselves already overworked because of depletion of their ranks by the armed services, came on duty at outlandish hours in the morning and stayed late to give their special aid to these British children who were to be guests among us. Several of my charges had tonsillectomies without charge. Dr. Silverthorne made occasional calls at *Eaton Hall* to attend my youngest guests. He waved it off by saying, "It's such a rest to get out to the country now and then."

Although I worried frequently about all these extra responsibilities, I can look back now and realize that that was a happy time at *Eaton Hall*. I am sure I could never have got through it—what with duties at the Store, war efforts in general, and concerns for my own family — if Cynthia Collins and Evelyn Gooderham, mother of little Patricia, had not been so helpful and understanding. Early on, they said, "We'll look after the children, see to their clothes, and so on, and keep them in order," and they were scrupulous about letting me have rest periods. Indeed, they insisted that none of the children should be allowed to invade the Great Hall or main rooms unless especially invited. Sometimes one of their wards would escape and dream up some special mischief—as when young Thalia, Cynthia's daughter, got hold of a pot of bright red paint and started diligently to paint the flagstones on the terrace. When she visited me a year or two ago I showed her the still visible evidence of that escapade and we had a good laugh. Thalia is married now and has a lovely baby girl of her own.

My niece, Isobel Mulligan, and her girls would come out for week-ends whenever possible. An occasional guest was Malcolm MacDonald, then High Commissioner for Great Britain in Ottawa. He was a great favourite with the children, doing all sorts of athletic stunts for them and telling wonderful stories. Once when Their Excellencies, H.R.H. the Princess Alice and the Earl of Athlone, visited *Eaton Hall* for tea, the Governor-General asked if Malcolm



With Paddy, her Irish hunter, for many years the darling of the *Eaton Hall* stables.

family urged me to make my home with Isobel after *Eaton Hall* was closed. I brought my faithful maid along, and she took over the cooking, doing an excellent job of it too. We had a smoothly operating, all-woman household, and for the two years of my stay I can't recall a single discordant moment.

One miserable, rainy October Saturday I had been working in my room on a speech which I was to deliver to a Salvation Army gathering that afternoon. When I came down to lunch my niece said, "A young Englishman called several times on the phone, asking for you, but he didn't leave any message. I'm sure he wants to sell you a vacuum cleaner." I thought no more about it, but at 6 p.m. when I returned, damp and chilled to the bone, and decided to thaw out in a hot bath, the young Englishman tried again. My grandniece, Flora, knocked at my bathroom door and said he was waiting on the telephone. So I hurried into a bathrobe and picked up the phone. The clipped voice said, "Charles Vyner here. I have a letter to you from my cousin who was one of the aides at Government House in Ottawa." He mentioned a name I knew. "When may I bring it to you?"

"Have you had dinner?" I asked.

"No, ma'am."

"Where are you?"

"At the Grosvenor Hotel on Yonge Street."

"Will you come to dinner with us this evening?"

He said he would be happy to do so, and I told him how to find us. So, promptly at 7 p.m. young Charles Vyner walked into our group, and was to become a most welcome visitor any time he could spend a leave away from his Fleet Air Arm training school at Goderich, Ont. On that first evening he helped wait on table, and later dried the dishes for the cook while young Flora put them away. He accepted our suggestion that he go to the hotel for his bags and spend the week-end with us. Between breakfast and church time the next morning he had put his room in

and I believe what finally made me accept was Mr. Band's cautionary remark, "Don't think you won't have to work, even though the job is honorary, for you will!"

That was a strenuous campaign, for the war had begun by the time we were busy with executive meetings and in the pressure of wartime the public can quickly lose sight of pressing responsibilities within the local community. At one of our meetings the question of lowering the Chest's objective was brought up. My comment was, "If the need is as great as you think and say it is, wouldn't it be foolish to ask for less than will supply the need?" So the original sum was kept as our goal, and it was a wonderful satisfaction to finish the drive with the full amount in hand.

My associates were a hard-working, devoted band of men and women, giving days and evenings and weeks of their time in this vital cause. Mrs. Harry Tedman was in charge of the women's section and did a magnificent job; others I enjoyed working with were Edgar Burton, Gordon Perry, Robert Fennell, and countless men and women collectors who made their rounds to knock on doors in all weathers. I drove in from *Eaton Hall* every day of the campaign, and had a full morning's program at our King Edward Hotel headquarters before going on my speech-making rounds later.

One evening I was to address a large group in the Crystal Ballroom of the King Edward. I was nervous, perhaps tired, and so I wrote out my speech beforehand, and just hoped it would not be too obvious that I was reading it after the chairman called on me. That was a vain hope—but also a good lesson for me. When the meeting ended and I was leaving with my niece, she said, "Auntie Flora, you must never read a speech again. You talk much better than you read tonight." So I have since followed this good advice. I write out what I want to say, read it aloud at least three times, and when the hour to deliver the speech arrives I can, with the help of a few headlines on a small card, offer the points I wish to make quite naturally.

Some years later—I think it was during Mr. Robert Fennell's term of presidency—I decided I should resign from the Community Chest organization, in order to make way for another woman who could add something new and fresh in leadership. But, alas, no appointment was made to fill my place. I have always felt that a woman serving in an advisory capacity can help to keep the friendly human touch, even in a big undertaking like the annual Community Chest.

During the Second World War a good deal of my time was taken up with the wonderful war work done by the Eaton's employees. The organization had started out as an all-woman effort, and we had had an initial meeting in the Eaton's Girls' Club, with a fine panel of Red Cross speakers, such as Mrs. Wallace Campbell of Windsor, Mrs. Plumptre, Dr. Routley and others. Not to make the evening too serious, we asked the E.G.C. executive to present a short program contributed by members, and I well remember how Miss Elizabeth Yorke, the director of our Eaton's Hostess Shop, was the hit of the occasion with her original verses entitled '*Arriet and the Red Cross*', delivered in inimitable style. Dr. Routley, at the close of the meeting, asked if he could borrow Miss Yorke for the duration! Mrs. Campbell added her word of appreciation too—and indeed from that day forward she has always addressed her business letters and orders to Miss Yorke as "Dear 'Arriet'".

From that meeting sprang the Eaton's Girls' War Auxiliary, with Miss Leda Henders, senior secretary in our Executive Offices, as President, and a very able committee elected to work with her. Miss Henders accepted on condition that I would join her as Honorary President, and of course I was delighted to help. From this beginning in Toronto the E.G.W.A. became virtually a national force, for in each community where there was an Eaton's store there was bound to be an active local group of women employees dedicated to aiding the war effort in every way. Soon the men asked to be included in the membership,

and so the name was changed to the Eaton Employees' War Auxiliary. Many of the girls took driving lessons in the Red Cross classes, and after hours drove trucks or ambulances on regular shifts. They studied first aid and were able to give expert voluntary service when required. Some groups visited hospitals; others made and packed comforts for overseas; still others were on regular duty at the servicemen's canteen in downtown Toronto. Their services would be too long to list here, and in any case each Auxiliary found different needs to be met, and different uses for the money raised, according to its locality. Some of the major gifts to Britain were the fully equipped tea-vans which proved so useful in the bombed-out areas, and shelters for servicewomen at their camps. These last were sent direct to Mrs. Churchill who turned them over to the Y.W.C.A. for distribution and management. Each donation of this kind bore the name of the Eaton Employees' War Auxiliary. I was proud to be the organization's Honorary President for the whole of Canada, and counted it a privilege to visit the different groups from time to time and to see the remarkable scope of the service they were rendering.

I was already a grandmother when I rode in my first hunt. I had been interested in the career of the Toronto North York Hunt for a long time, but rather as a sympathetic outsider and one who loved horses and invigorating outdoor activities of all kinds. Years ago when we were staying at the *Villa Fiori*, long before *Eaton Hall* was started, the Hunt had met there. George Beardmore was M.F.H., Charles Morris was the Huntsman, and such well-known enthusiasts as D. L. McCarthy, Hilton Tudhope, Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Robinson, H. C. Cox, Lynn Plummer were among the group. I followed their cross-country route as best I could in the car, accompanied by my daughters. A few days afterward Mr. McCarthy came to see me by appointment and gave me a history of the Toronto Hunt and its urgent needs at that time, because the Master, Mr.

Beardmore, facing financial reverses, was unable to continue his generous gifts. He had built the Eglinton Hunt clubhouse and secured sufficient land for local horse shows, competitions, and a training school for children. So, from that time when I joined with a few others in helping the Hunt out of its deep waters, I had naturally been interested in following its development.

Talk of hunting and horses had been constant within the family, for my son Timothy loved this sport above all others. In England he had been Master of Great Bradley and Newmarket for three years, and in 1933 D. L. McCarthy sought him out to ask him to become Joint Master with him of the Toronto North York. Mr. McCarthy, who is now a close friend of our family, always gives Timothy credit for being a fearless rider and knowing the rules of the chase thoroughly. He is meticulous about the etiquette of hunting and the proper kit. He brought his own terrier from England and for several years used her to rout the fox from his earth.

In 1935 Mr. McCarthy resigned the mastership, and Timothy then invited Mr. Aemilius Jarvis to join. They hunted together for two seasons, and each quickly developed an affectionate respect for the other, regardless of the difference in age. One morning in late August, we were having Hunt breakfast at the *Villa Fiori*; I had been in the field with them and was feeling the usual exhilaration that comes after a good, hard ride. Master Jarvis, beside me, rose and addressed the members thus: "As you all know, my Joint Master, Timothy Craig Eaton, has resigned. We all regret it very much, no one more than I. I have asked his mother, Lady Eaton, if she will do us the honour to succeed her son as Joint Master." The warm outburst of applause amazed me. I thanked them all, and told them I would do my best to be worthy of this honour.

This I have tried to do. As a rider, I am not too bad, but I have had to recognize my limitations, both of age and of time available. But the Toronto North York Hunt con-



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